*Qu.* Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
*King.* No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall type of this earths glory.
*Qu.* Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine?
*King.* Euen all *I* haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
*Qu.* Be briefe, leſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
*K.* Then know that from my ſoule *I* loue thy daughter.
*Qu.* My daughters mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
*Kin.* What do you thinke?
*Qu.* That thou doeſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule.
So from thy ſoules loue didſt thou her brothers.
And from my hearts loue *I* do thanke thee for it.
*King.* Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning,
*I* meane that with my ſoule *I* loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of England.
*Qu.* Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her king?
*King.* Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
*Qu.* What thou?
*King.* I, euen *I*, what thinke you of it madame?
*Qu.* How canſt thou woo her?
*King.* That *I* would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
*Qu.* And wilt thou learne of me?
*King.* Madam with all my heart.
*Qu.* Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and Yorke, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime Margaret
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in Rutlans blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vncle Clarence,





Her vncle Riuers, yea and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt Anne
*King.* Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
*Qu.* There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
*Kin.* Inferre faire Englands peace by this alliance.
*Qu.* Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war
*Kin.* Say that the king which may command intreat
*Qu.* That at her hands which the kings king forbid.
*Kin.* Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
*Qu.* To waile the title as her mother doth.
*Kin.* Say *I* will loue her euerlaſtingly.
*Qu.* But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
*Kin.* Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
*Qu.* But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
*Kin.* So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
*Qu.* So long as Hell and Richard likes of it.
*Kin.* Say *I* her ſoueraigne, am her ſubiect loue.
*Qu.* But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſoueraigntie.
*Kin.* Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
*Qu.* An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told.
*Kin.* Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
*Qu* Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
*Kin.* Madam, your reaſons are too ſhallow & too qu
*Qu.* O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue.
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall *I*, till heart-ſtrings breake.
*Kin.* Now by my George, my Garter and my Crow
*Qu.* Prophand, vndeuout, and the third vſurped.
*Kin.* *I* ſweare by nothing.
*Qu.* By nothing, for this is no oath.
The George prophand, hath loſt his holy honour:
The Garter blemiſht, pawnd his knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his kingly dignitie.
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrongd.
*Kin.* Now, by the world.